

Those who are devoted to the care of young folk ought to be especially interested in its inevitable climax—old age. The latest theories of the head of the Pasteur Institute are worth considering. The problem resolves itself into this—how to prolong the fighting days of our white corpuscles, and to prevent them from seizing upon our red corpuscles and forming “connective tissue” from them. When we have done that we are to be again “full of days,” and senile decay is to be unknown. We must leave it to the scientists to discover the necessary serum, but a good deal can be done by training the ever-ready fighting spirit, which meets facts and obstacles much as our teeth meet crusts, chiefly as strengthening food to be speedily disposed of.

I see that the Parents' Review School have lately been using a book of extracts from Sir Thomas Mallory's “Morte d' Arthur.” The language of this must always be a pure joy—it takes us back to days when men “rode a great wallop” and enjoyed “passing good cheer.” The original Sir Thomas had an unfortunate way of adding the moral obliquities of his own time to the original tales—the rejection of those by modern taste, showing how even our stories feel the force of evolution—is a very strong argument for the germ of essential truth and purity in all old tales and Scriptures which will come to light even after long centuries. Tennyson makes his Arthur a stainless hero, and (low be it spoken) slightly early Victorian and priggish; in Sir Thomas he is very frail humanity. Even Swinburne makes the whole story of Tristram and Seult hinge on the magic of the fatal cup—“unwillingly they fell;” whereas in Sir Thomas we cannot but have an uneasy consciousness that it was an unnecessary addition! Also it is odd to notice how those immensely strong knights, who could fight in armour from morn to eve and live in the saddle, could swoon three times in one interview from emotion; and if “a damsel” came to minister to their wounds she inevitably swooned at the sight of them. We have progressed since then; we expect self-control from our nurses—but do we expect it enough yet from our patients? Sometimes methinks we are inclined to be over-tender, especially with children, in this respect, and to allow their entire moral code to be left outside the door of the sick-room. What think you?

## STUDENTS' MEETINGS.

DECEMBER 19TH, 1903.—Quite a large meeting was held on this date at the XXth Century Club, seventeen members being present. A considerable amount of business was done, as well as a most enjoyable amount of gossip.

Miss Good and Miss Wix were unanimously voted members of the Conference Committee, which will meet in the autumn to discuss plans for next year's Conference.

Miss Pennethorne and Miss Gray announced their intention of making a great effort this spring to reach all students who do not belong to the Association.

After some discussion it was decided to send a copy of the current “L'Umile Pianta” to all, with a special appeal to join us.

Several members do not consider our badge quite ornamental enough. It was decided that one of similar design should be made, rather smaller, and worked in brown and green enamel. The cost is estimated to be the same; and for the future students may choose which they will have.

It was also decided that a copy of the badge should be printed on the cover of the magazine.

Seven of the London members decided to form a Magazine Club, and are taking in the “Nineteenth Century,” “Knowledge,” “The Studio,” “The House Beautiful,” and “Blackwood.”

It was suggested that Local Magazine Clubs and Reading Unions should be mentioned in the Budget.

An invitation from Mrs. Franklin to hold a meeting at Porchester Terrace was read, and thanks expressed.—(For further particulars see January 16th.)

Miss Garnier read a very comprehensive list of Natural History Books, which will appear later.

JANUARY 16TH, 1904.—A meeting was held at 50, Porchester Terrace—by kind invitation of Mrs. Franklin—to



talk over a scheme of Miss Mason's for forming Associate Members of the P.N.E.U.

Mrs. Franklin read a letter from Miss Mason setting forth her ideas. Everyone felt eager to do what they could to further any spread of P.N.E.U. thought, either as we do at present in our teaching and living, or in any further way that Miss Mason shall ask us to do. We are all disciples of a great Teacher, and can never forget the higher privileges of comprehension and assimilation that our two years' training gives us. The opportunities and responsibilities that our work gives us are enormous, and yet very inadequate as missionary effort, when we reflect how great a thing this is of which we are a part.

Members present: Misses Allen, Kitching, Parish, and Pennethorne.

The meeting announced for January 30th was cancelled, that of the 16th being held in its stead.

FEBRUARY 26TH.—This was the first meeting held in the Turner Water Colour Room. It was not felt to be a very satisfactory meeting place—the officials look askance at a party who are so very obviously not there for the purpose of studying the pictures. It was suggested that the York Tea Rooms, in Baker Street, close to the Portman Rooms, would be a good place, and meetings will be held there in the autumn. In the summer they are to be held in the different country places round London, and students at Dorking, Leatherhead, Redhill, Harrow, Blackheath, &c., who are willing to have meetings in their neighbourhood, are asked to communicate with the Secretary.

Members present: Misses Allen, Heath, Parish, Flower, Thomassett, Mrs. Pickford, Misses Edwards, Wilson, and Lawrence.

The meeting fixed for April 30th will be held at the York Tea Rooms, Baker Street, at 3-30. Every student who can possibly be present is urged to come, as an important question has arisen which must be dealt with immediately.

## THE READING SOCIETY.

The Editor thanks those who have sent in the names of books for reading and extracts from those already read—but more contributors are hoped for in future.

### "Gods and Fighting Men."

Translated from the Erse by Lady Gregory. These are old folk tales—the fairy stories of the fairies. "The Ever-living Living Ones," and the "Story of the Quicken Tree," haunt the memory. The quotation is from Ossian's lament when he comes back to find the golden age over.

"There is no one in all the world the way I am. It is a pity the way I am. It is long the clouds are over me to-night . . . every day that comes is long to me."

### "Where there is Nothing," Yeats.

A play for an Irish theatre, a drama of temperament, not of action; the study of a man of the governing class who preaches "we must destroy everything that has law and number, for where there is nothing there is God." There are some fine passages in it as the following:—

"Did you ever think that the roads are the only things that are endless? That one can walk on and on and never be stopped by a wall. They are the serpents of eternity. I wonder they have never been worshipped. What are the stars beside them? They never meet one another. They are endless."

### "A Naturilist on the Thames," C. J. Cornish.

Birds, beasts, and fishes—principally birds. Most interesting, as showing their distribution down the Thames Valley from the Cotswolds to Chiswick.

### "Twelve Types," G. K. Chesterton.

Short studies of great men—all paradox and epigram. What Lord Roseberry would call a good "bad book," for it gives to think without being exhausting. It treats in a masterly way that rather difficult personality, Charles II.